whiſtles among the neighbouring trees; nature retires to reſt, the ſheep to their graſſy couch, the birds to their leafy beds, and man to his downy pillow; they ſleep in peace and are refreſhed; but what is *ſleep?* An emblem of approaching *Death!* and what's the bed-room? but an antichamber to the *grave!* alas! how frequently am I reminded of theſe awful themes, by the funerals of my neighbours, relatives, or friends! one falls on my right hand, another on my left; one is ſnatched away by a ſudden ſtroke, while another is gradually taken off by a lingering diſeaſe. Thus circumſtanced, I look on myſelf as a ſoldier in the field of battle, where thouſands

thouſands are falling around me, and I myſelf every moment expecting the fatal wound.

How uncertain is all ſublunary bliſs! how precarious is the life of man! one day in the midſt of health, riches, honours, and preferments; the next, he is bereaved of all; one hour rejoicing in the poſſeſſion of unnumbered comforts, and ere another, he is deprived of each. What then is there here below deſerving the eſteem, or worthy the purſuit of a *candidate* for *eternity?* Every earthly pleaſure is inſcribed with *vanity*, and our beſt enjoyments are fleeting as the early dew.

Life is at beſt a tranſient ſpan;
How ſhort is time! how frail is man!

BOB SHORT *The Country 'Squire* LONDON, 1781 HASKOLL COLLECTION, THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY Octavo